

YOU  
& SOME  
OTHERS



AGNESS GREENE FOSTER

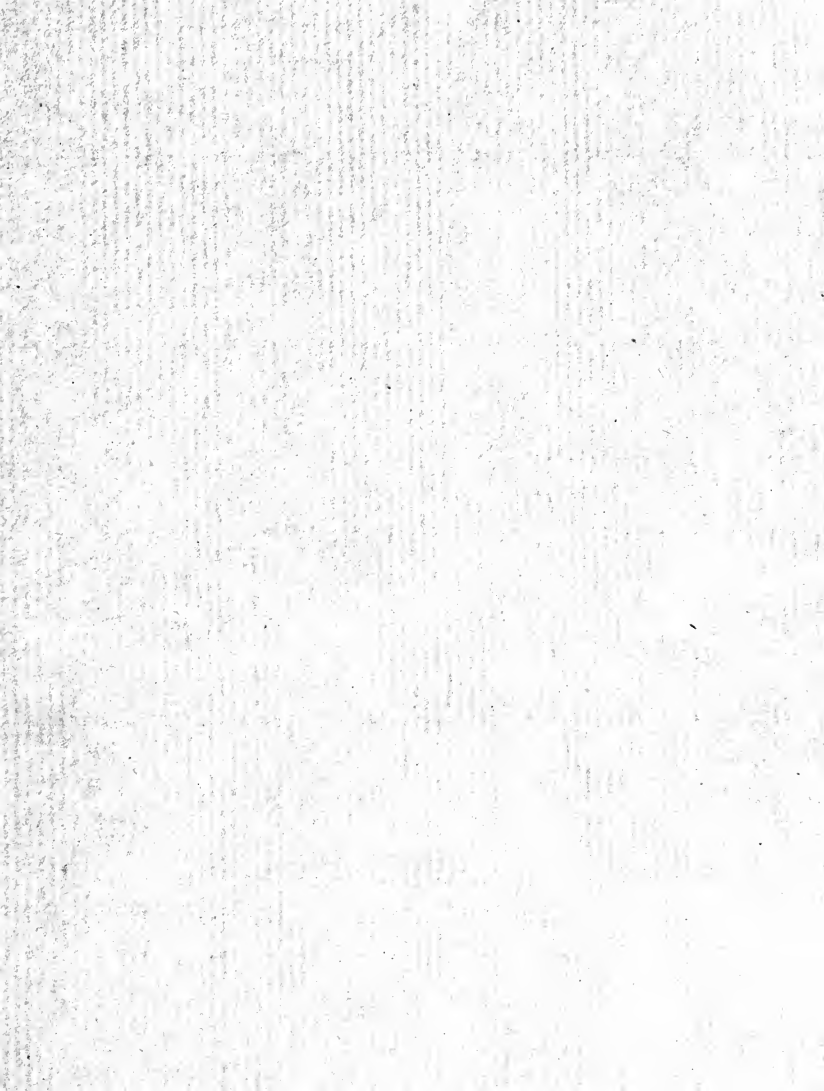


JOHN HENRY NASH

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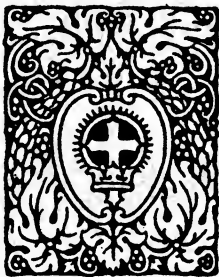


**FRONTISPIECE**  
**MY LADY'S GARDEN—J. YOUNG HUNTER**  
**TATE GALLERY—LONDON**  
**ILLUSTRATING "THE GARDEN OF MY HEART"**  
**SEE PAGE 39**



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SEE PAGE 28

**YOU**  
**& SOME OTHERS**  
**BEING POEMS FOR OCCASIONS**  
**BY AGNESS GREENE FOSTER**  
**THE DECORATIONS BY**  
**WILL JENKINS**



**PAUL ELDER & COMPANY**  
**PUBLISHERS • SAN FRANCISCO**

*Paul Elder 7/10/10*

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## DEDICATION "YOU"

WHAT IS THIS "YOU" I LOVE SO WELL  
WHOSE FACE AND FORM FOREVER DWELL  
WITHIN MY HEART?  
IS IT THE FACE THAT MAKES YOU "YOU,"  
WITH SMILES THAT THRILL ME THROUGH AND  
THROUGH  
THOUGH WE'RE APART?

OR IS'T THE FORM WHICH COMES TO VIEW,  
THAT SEEMS SO MUCH A PART OF YOU  
I LOVE SO DEAR?  
AH, NO! WERE BOTH SOME OTHER THING,  
STILL IF TO ME YOUR HEART 'T WOULD BRING,  
O NEVER FEAR—

I'D KNOW IT WELL; SINCE ALL THAT'S BEST,  
AND SWEET AND PURE, THAT IN YOU REST,  
IS MIND ABOVE.  
FOR WHEN GOD THOUGHT OF SOMETHING  
TRUE,  
HIS ANGELS CAME STRAIGHTWAY TO YOU—  
THE "YOU" I LOVE.



## **PREFACE**

**As the requests of so many good friends have made necessary still another edition of "You & Some Others," I have revised the poems of the first edition and have added a number of new ones, rearranging them all under different heads so that they may be readily selected for reading, reciting or inscribing in gift books or upon greeting cards for holidays, birthdays and other occasions.**



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## **CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS**



## THE KING'S BIRTHDAY

**A**VERY day is a King's Birthday  
When Love is born.  
And best of all along life's way  
The King comes in to rest and stay,  
When Love is born,  
When Love is born.

We must not sigh nor question why  
When Love is born—  
So small a part to us is given;  
Love is enough! For that is heaven!  
When Love is born,  
When Love is born.

Ring out, O bells! 'Tis Christmas Day  
In one glad heart;  
For the Christ-child comes adown this way,  
And whene'er He comes, 'tis a King's  
Birthday,  
For Love is born,  
For Love is born.

## THE TRUE GREETING

**N**AR more than the words, "Merry  
Christmas"  
You'll find hidden within this short  
line.


For 't was Love that prompted the sending  
Of this message to you — friend of mine.

## WHEN TWILIGHT FALLS


**A**S THE twilight fades at evening  
And the cares of day are done,  
Then I think of friends and name  
    them,—  
In the silence,—one by one.

Then again at day's beginning,  
Do I think of each in this way,  
And the love I thus have garnered  
I send on Christmas Day.

**YOUR RIGHT**

 **HE wish I send on Christmas  
Day  
Was yours before, is yours  
always.**

## NOT FOR ONE DAY ALONE

'  IS not for one day only  
I send you greetings dear—  
May every day mean Christmas  
Through all the soul-filled year.

## WITH A CHRISTMAS BOOK

**A** CHRISTMAS might be Christmas  
Without a thing to cook,  
But, oh, the joyless Christmas  
Without, at least, one book.

# **NEW YEAR WISHES**



## A NEW YEAR'S PROPHECY

**I** KNOW  
That all the new years  
And the old  
Shall hold for you  
Bright cups of gold  
Filled high with  
Love and plenty.

For 'tis with years  
As 'tis with you —  
There is no old  
There is no new —  
Love is at sixty  
As at twenty.

## KISMET

**G**OUR kismet reads  
Like a magic tale,  
Your bark sails safe—  
You have naught to fear.  
You'll have wisdom and strength  
For each day's cruise,  
And a Master-Helmsman  
That is always near.

## FOR ALL TIME

**D**AY every day  
In every year  
Be crowded full  
Of love and cheer  
For thee and thine,  
Dear friend of mine.



# VALENTINES



## MY WISH FOR YOU

**A**LTHOUGH I know God blesses all  
His children here, both great and  
small,  
It helps to banish human fear,  
To say to you — “God bless you, dear.”

And so I call across the sea,—  
Which cannot separate from me  
The Love that keeps us ever near,—  
God bless you, dear, God bless you, dear.

And as the miles between have grown  
I feel your warm hand clasp my own;  
Nor miles nor moments can efface  
The love that doth us both embrace.

Across the mountain peak of snow,  
And great divide, as on I go,  
I hear your voice call strong and clear,  
“God bless you, dear, God bless you, dear.”

## WHAT HUMAN LOVE MAY DO

**O** SCOFFERS of this thought divine,  
If you but knew the seeds that fall  
From what seems love of sentiment,  
But which grows Love that's all in  
all,—

You'd scatter them both far and wide,  
Nor be surprised, when lo, you'd find  
The dear old world was not half bad,  
And all your friends had grown more kind!

## TELL ME TRUE

**T**ELL me, dear one, tell me true,—  
I'll guard the secret with loving  
care:—  
How did the angels know 'twas you,  
When they filled your heart with love so  
rare?

## A HEART

**S**OMETHING went out of my life  
to-day,  
Something subtle—what can it be?  
Like the lilt of a laugh, or the sun's  
bright ray,  
Or the scent of the rose that recalls you to me.  
You stopped long enough to steal off my heart;  
Did you take it forever or only for play?  
If you feel how it weighs when we are apart,  
You will bring it back safe to me some day.

# **EASTER GLADNESS**



## BLOSSOMS

**H**E IS risen! Truth is risen!  
The stone has been rolled away,  
And Christ is revealed in each  
blossom,  
Where once we saw only the clay.

Each bud is a living tribute  
To God, who does all things well.  
He made each flower in the garden,  
And all have His praises to tell.

And the buds and the leaves and the  
blossoms,  
And the blades of the grass in the sod,  
Proclaim:—"We are not of earth, earthy,  
For we are the smiles of our God."

## EASTER LILIES

**E**ASTER Lilies, so fresh and fair,  
You are the emblems of Love  
Divine;  
Symbols of Life and comfort and  
hope,  
Truth shines out from your petals white;  
All that is mighty and pure and true  
Rises to-day in every land.  
All the dark shadows from death are torn,  
Beautiful blossoms, this Easter morn.

## FLOWERS



**NSTEAD of a flower that fadeth,  
Undying thoughts I send,  
To bear the precious tidings  
Of a risen Saviour and Friend.**

## TRUTH TRIUMPHANT

**I**T TOOK centuries of prophecy,  
And a King in a manger born,  
To wake a world that slumbered  
To greet an Easter morn.

It took a crown of sorrows,  
A cross, a Calvary,  
To form the shadow background  
For that reality.

The light of Truth Triumphant,  
The splendor of its ray,  
The transcendental grandeur  
That makes an Easter Day.

## RISEN THIS EASTER DAY

**G**OU shared my joy when the King was  
born,  
And we named it the Christ-Thought  
Day;

You followed close when my feet were torn,  
On the straight and rugged way.

You shared with me my failures, friend,

Now sing your gladdest lay;

For my King was dead, the whole world said,—

**BUT HE'S RISEN THIS EASTER DAY.**

He will live in our hearts through eternity,

He will lift our cares away;

E'en though we fall, He will hear, *if* we call,

**FOR HE'S RISEN THIS EASTER DAY.**



# **BIRTHDAY GREETINGS**



## LIFE'S DIAL



WOULD you count your days  
By your heart throbs true?  
Count the years that pass  
By the deeds you do.

Would you live the most  
By the bravest test?  
Then count by the thoughts  
That are noblest—best.

On life's dial clear  
Let each figure be  
Expressed by the acts  
That are fair to see.

## YOUR MILLENNIUM

**T**HERE are no metes and bounds to  
time,  
There is no vast forever yet to come;  
Eternity, not time is now,  
To-day is your millennium.

# **FRIENDSHIP**



## TO FRIENDSHIP

**F**RRIENDSHIP is so rare a thing,  
I'm loath to bid you pledge your-  
selves with me,  
Lest I might fail mine own high  
ideal of it.

Perhaps no word is so misused,  
For few have learned to think  
In friendship's tongue.  
Our greatest fault,—'tis so in every clime,—  
We seek the thing, not try to be it.  
In other words, it is the vogue,—  
This wild mad search for one to love us;  
Instead of earning love by selfless giving.  
The truest way, the only way, indeed,  
To have a friend, then, is to be one.  
Just love! Love something, some one,  
And friends will flock  
Like snow-birds to the window ledge  
Where lies the crumb.  
Young men and maidens, let me pray  
You so to live that at a future day

Some friend may truly of you say:  
"Infinitely better  
Than all the gold of Orient,  
Or costly gem of deepest mine,  
Is the warm heart glow that came to me  
From those staunch, loyal words of thine."  
Or, if gift of friendship comes your way,  
Then you'll be able thus to say:  
"Of all the gifts of all the years,  
None ever cause such smiles, such tears  
As thy friendship—friend;  
The eye grows bright, the heart leaps fast,  
To know thy love and friendship last  
Without an end.  
It ne'er began, it never ends,  
We always were and will be friends  
Throughout eternity.  
E'en when we pass to other clime  
I'll understand, sweet friend of mine,  
Your loving loyalty."

\* \* \* \* \*

Pledge me to-night,  
Friends true to be. There is no greater

**Fealty!**

**Rich is that life and wide its fame,  
Which through all time one friend can claim,  
One friend who meriteth the name!**

## THE ENNOBLING POWER OF FRIENDSHIP

**W**HEN fancy brought you to my  
thought,  
There fell from me all worldly care;  
Then I,—in happy spirit,—sent  
Far out across the miles, a prayer:  
A prayer of thankfulness and love,  
A prayer that friendship such as yours  
Might grow in every heart, above  
All other passions, and endure  
“Till man shall know that God is Love.”

## THE GARDEN OF MY HEART

**M**Y GARDEN is my inmost heart.  
Above  
Floats Friendship like a perfume o'er  
each plot;

'Tis watered by that pleasant fountain, Love,  
Near whose cool splash, whene'er the day is  
hot,

I rest. My pergola is hid in shade.

From out this bower I send rare buds to you,  
And if you let them bloom they'll never fade,—  
These blossoms bright, of varied form and  
hue,—

So subtle is their fragrance and their charm  
Commingled with their emblematic scheme,  
They'll waft me you-ward, causing no alarm,  
Whilst you will fancy it is but a dream.

Can you divine, my friend, the reason why?  
These flowers I send are thoughts—they can-  
not die.

## KEEP LOVE BRIGHT

**O**N LIFE'S clear page,  
Oh, each day write  
Some golden word  
To keep love bright;  
And the book ne'er close.

**FOR CHILDREN**



## JUST THINK

**N**O TIME to read?  
No time to pray?  
Yet time to smile?  
You've time to eat,  
You've time to drink,  
You've time to dress,  
Could you not think  
Of God the while?

## NO FEAR

**O** H, **HELP** me keep  
Thine image clear;  
To know the Truth,  
To have no fear.

## KEEP ME SIMPLE

**O**H, KEEP me simple, Lord,  
I pray,  
Make me of use to Thee,  
each day.

## THE EYES OF A CHILD

**O** EYES of childhood, innocent and pure,  
True emblem of the spirit light divine,  
No human thought can ever you  
outshine,  
Because Eternal Love shall e'er endure.

Frail error wields no power you to allure,  
Divinely fair, from infinite design;  
False time can change you not, nor make  
repine;  
With constant luster there — Truth shines  
secure.

Naught can e'er change Perfection's mighty  
plan;  
Years cannot fade yon heaven's perfect blue —  
Nor marble change without the sculptor's hand.

Abide in Light, which nothing dims nor can;  
Brave, tender eyes, deny what is untrue,  
For God designed you — perfect shall ye stand.

# **LIFE & WORK**



## WEAVING OF LIFE'S FABRIC

**W**OULDST have the fabric of thy life  
wrought in rare and beauteous  
design?

Watch, then, with unceasing vigilance,  
the silver shuttle of speech as it flies  
from the loom of thought.

Upon the oft recurring of the golden thread of  
Love depends the beauty and the splendor of  
Life's fabric.

Not here, not there a tiny gleam, nor yet in  
monstrous patches with yards of sombre hue  
between.

That Life shows best whose thread of Love  
shines oft and even through each day's weave.  
Thine may of scarlet be—bright as the poppy's  
head—yet if on closer, nearer view the warp  
be gold,

'Tis tempered into harmony.

Though colorless and gray the fabric seems to  
careless eyes,

Yet, at close range, if the gold thread of Love  
there gleams, 't will warmer grow;  
And red and gray, when touched by the sun-  
light's glow, will melt all mingling into one.

To One alone 't was given to weave His life in  
cloth of gold — All Love.

Him wouldst thou follow? Of a surety, then,  
constant thou must be.

Weave what thou wilt, but let there ever be  
Bright scrolls of gold on silvered ground,  
With here a thread of royal blue and there a  
purple strand.

And yet the silver shuttle's prone to slip —  
Guard well thy thought, thy tongue, thy lip!

## GROWTH

**O** TEACHER and poet, the keen unrest  
Your songs awoke in an anxious  
    breast,  
Is bearing fruit, in these after years,  
Of peace and joy and rest from fears.  
How little we know in the early spring,  
What the summer days to our hearts will bring.  
'T was then but the words our senses smote  
Of beauty and feeling, when you wrote:  
" 'T is heaven alone that is given away,  
'T is only God may be had for the asking."  
But now, now in the forever day,  
In the knowledge of God, as in sun's rays  
    basking,  
Though we still feel the Art of the songs so rare  
You sang,—now the meaning lies bare:  
The seeds of Truth are worth the sowing  
When God may be had by simply knowing.

## NAMING A MASTERPIECE

**D**EATH cannot stay thy hand, O sculptor great!  
There is but one almighty power that can

Create (not cause to cease); and thou in it  
Shalt live alway to carve on stone or heart  
Some other, greater work of art. Hence do  
I name thy masterpiece—(expression of  
The spark divine in thee)—not “Fate”—not  
“Death”—

But “Life.” What could it other be? Since  
naught

Thy Sculptor made can crumble or decay;  
For thou wast fashioned after model true.  
Now thy strong thought which wrought it into  
stone,  
Still lives and works and loves in endless Life.

The figure on the Adams Monument, Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D. C., has been variously interpreted, although Saint-Gaudens gave no name to it.—C. LEWIS HIND.

## THE PAINTING OF LIFE'S DAY

**W**OULDST have each day like gleam of  
color bright,  
Whilst filling in the outlines of a Life?  
Then never from the canvas turn away  
When shadows only seem to darken all  
'Round fancy's sight. O search for the true light;  
Nor wait to wish for subtler shades to-day.  
Couldst better blend the tint of yon blue sky,  
By wondering why thou canst not with one stroke  
Paint bow that glows on heaven's ethereal arch?  
Yet all unlike Prometheus rash,—thou mayst,—  
(As one who hath dominion,) learn to catch  
Rare hues of great divinity, and thus  
Create what's right for thee to think or paint.  
'T was ever thus with tasks that seem less great;  
The larger thoughts ne'er come to those who wait  
To count what they call failures, o'er and o'er,  
For we are told that even shadows gray,  
Looked at in light, make life's dull canvas bright.  
Then waste not precious hours in useless dreams  
When every second may be put to gain.



**STRENGTH & COMFORT**



**ALL**

**T**HE strength of the strong  
is Love,  
The righting of wrong  
is Love;

The good that we give  
is Love,

The Life that we live  
is Love.

The measure of time  
is Love,

The height that we climb  
is Love;

The way we must trod  
is Love,

The Soul which is God  
is Love.

## JUST KNOW


**N**OW shall I overcome the fear  
That all's not well with those most  
dear,  
When tempests rage and wild winds  
blow?

How shall I know? How shall I know?

Just know no harm comes anywhere,  
For all are in God's loving care.  
These are the thought seeds we must sow,  
If we would know. If we would know.

Just know God's promise never fails,—  
It matters not how fear assails,  
Yet we can pray and, praying, grow;  
Then we shall know. Then we shall know.

## THOUGHT

 HIS blessed promise Love has  
taught:  
“No evil can pollute thy thought;”  
Oh, join, ye nations, in the telling,  
For what is thought, if not our dwelling?

## HIS HAND

**H**OLD fast to His hand,  
Draw it ever to you;  
Though the nails that pierced His  
Pierce thine own through and  
through.

## TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH

**O** HIM that overcometh  
Dominion shall be given.  
He shall inherit all things  
For which his heart hath striven,  
If he but overcometh.

## LIFE

**W**HY are you still in sorrow unbelieving?  
Who in all else were ever strong and true?

Why do you thus forget in useless  
grieving  
That all God's promises were made for you?

The dust you laid away is not God's likeness,  
But she, His image still, can never be  
Aught but His child. This thought shall bring  
new brightness  
To fill your heart if you but try to see.

*She* knows there is no grave nor any changing;  
And if you will but turn from sorrow's strife  
You'll understand there can be no deranging  
Of God's Great Plan, which is unending Life.

**L'ENVOI** Revelation xxii: 5.

**C**AN there be hate? Can there be  
night?  
Where Love's the Way and God  
the Light?

Can there be aught but joy and peace  
Where gladness reigns and sorrows cease?  
Can there be loss, or great or small  
Where God is All and in His All?



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